

Martin H. Gray
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Edited by
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INDIANA ROOM

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BOBBY HAYES, QUARRY WORKER

I am indebted for much of this material to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Alice J. Harmeyer. While she was teaching in Smithville during the school year 1941-42, I suggested that she make a study of American folklore in her freshman classes and that she investigate the possibilities of collecting folk materials from among the quarry workers. Several of her students brought in stories of Bobby Hayes. When she moved to New Mexico in the summer of 1942, she turned over to me the results of her collecting, so that I could follow up the leads she had found.

I owe a great deal also to Judson Grubb, student in Smithville High School, who was my invaluable guide and companion during my search for material on Bobby Hayes.

To those residents of Smithville who so very kindly and interestingly told me stories of Bobby Hayes, I wish to express my thanks and sincere appreciation.

According to his brother-in-law, Harvey Lemons, Bobby Hayes died in 1933 or 1934, aged about sixty-six. Nearly all of his adult life he worked in the quarries around Smithville. Although he was born "up on Saddle Crick," he lived in Smithville for many years.

* * * * *

An old-timer from Smithville or Sanders, when asked about Bobby Hayes, will invariably reply with a touch of awe in his voice, "Yessir, Bobby Hayes was what you'd call a 'much of a man.'" Or as his former neighbor, Abe Stuart, put it, "He was jest damn' near a Samson." While Bobby has been dead only about nine or ten years, the stories told about him are already a queer mixture of fact and fiction, admiration and lovable exaggeration.

The first story of Bobby's prodigious strength is likely to be an account of how he would take a brand-new No. Six horseshoe and with one jerk straighten it out. Everyone I talked with about Bobby told me about this feat, but only two said they had actually seen it done. Robert Hayes of Smithville, himself a quarry worker and a kinsman of Bobby, told me about the first time he saw it.

"Bobby he come from the hills up around Saddle Crick. I recollect one time, I was just a kid size of my boy here (about thirteen) when I was up to Os Johnson's blacksmith shop on Saddle Crick. Os had jist got in a batch of new horseshoes and was dumpin' em out on the ground in piles. Bobby come up, home from the quarry and seen the horseshoes, and he told Os he could take and straighten 'em out bare-handed. That made Os half mad, and he never b'lieved him, but he pitched him a shoe. Well, Bobby he straightened 'er out and tossed 'er on the ground. Os still couldn't b'lieve it, and he tossed Bobby another shoe. Bobby straightened 'er out. I seen Os pitch, oh at least a dozen shoes to Bobby, and there was that pile of straightened shoes on the ground when Os got disgusted and quit. He had to get his forge all het up to shape them shoes back again."

Abe Stuart had also seen Bobby straighten horseshoes: "Sure I seen him do that, and, why mister, I seen him any number times take twenty-penny nails and bend 'em double like they was matchsticks, fast as the boys would pitch 'em to 'im."

Anyone who ever worked with Bobby will also tell about his method of carrying steel "dogs," the clamps which are used to hoist the huge stone blocks in the quarries.... No one else ever tries to carry more than one dog at a time, and everyone else has quite a job with just one. Bobby would take a dog in each hand, approach the block with "kind of a cow's pace," sling first one dog into place and then the other. The weights of the dogs Bobby carried in this way vary, according to the teller, from seventy-seven to one hundred and fifty pounds apiece. The heights to which he "histed" them also vary--from four to eight feet.

The favorite story among the boys around the Post Office was about the time Bobby was told to take the drill from the quarry to the shops: (Dan Gertman speaking) "Now that foreman, course he thought Bobby knowed enough to take that gang of drills and clamp apart and fetch 'em down there a piece at a time. But Bobby he never knowed enough to take 'er apart, or else he didn't want to bother. He jist jerked 'er loose, set 'er on his shoulder, and marched off with 'er. You shoullda see that foreman! I donno if he b'lieves it yet. How much them drills and clamp weigh? Well, mister, that's hard t'say, less'n you got a scales. Clamp itself's a good load f'r 'n ordinary man--prob'ly hundred'n twenty-five er hundred 'n fifty pounds. They was five drills in the gangs them days. Made a good five hundred pounds, altogether." There was general agreement on the store porch. One listener, squatting on his heels, added, "Mebbe more!"

The story of the broken derrick is another favorite of these quarry workers. "One time the derrick broke and the boss cussed and said now he had to get six men to carry it to the railroad track so's they could get it to the shop. Bobby said he b'leaved he could carry it, but the boss he got mad and said he couldn't and give Bobby orders not to try it. When he come back with his six men, here he meets Bobby, trudgin' along with that piece of derrick under his arm. 'I got 'er, Boss,' he yells. And there he was, almost to the railroad already."

They tell, too, of the Model "T" Ford that was overturned in Sanders and how Bobby righted it single-handed.

Bobby spoke with a high pitched voice and usually ended his speech with a high-pitched giggle. Even his kinfolk will tell you; "Now Bobby wasn't jist real bright, but course he couldn't help that. He done the best he could; he never caused no trouble, less'n he was pushed and teased real hard." Then they tell how he threw Charlie Eads... clean through a bran' new woven wire fence, four feet high, once when Charlie teased him. Ruined that fence completely, busted every wire and a coupla posts. And Charlie's a big man." (Told by Robert Hayes and Abe Stuart.)

At the same time, they tell how Bobby always had lots of money, carrying as much as eight hundred or two thousand dollars in a roll at a time. They tell how Tom Hawkins sold him an old, worn out car, not worth a ten spot, for five hundred dollars. But they make it plain that Tom had to get him drunk on "mule" to do it, and that Bobby got his money back as soon as he sobered up.

Then there was the time that somebody gave Bobby a baseball up at Tom Hayes' store. "Bobby give that ball a heave an' she sailed clean 'crost the holler by the store, over the hill, 'crost another holler an' come down through Bill Reynolds's roof...You want to know how far that is? (then continuing seriously and intently) Mister, that's a good quarter of a mile." (Judson Grubb and Robert Hayes.)

Stories of Bobby's drinking habits differ. Abe Stuart says Bobby always liked his glass of beer and demonstrated how Bobby would hold up his glass and say in his high-pitched voice, "If I had a cow to give milk like this, I'd milk her every hour the day." It seems to be well established, however, that in his later life, during the "prohibition mule days," Bobby became a heavy drinker. One version of his death, that given by most people, is that he drank poison liquor which killed him. The more colorful story of his death, though, tells that it was not quality of his liquor which finally finished him, but quantity.

The reported coronor's findings would tend to support this view. According to this version, when the coroner opened Bobby's stomach, he found it literally packed full of beer caps, whiskey corks--and corncob stoppers.

Indiana University

Ernest W. Baughman

(This is a revised form of the paper read by Mr. Baughman at the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society. Mr. Baughman is to be congratulated on this discovery of another Indiana folk hero, which follows hard on the heels of the editor's report of "Oregon" Smith, in the Southern Folklore Quarterly, VI (1942), 163-68.)

The legend of the strong man appears in various areas; quite often it grows up around some person who actually lived. In Nebraska there is Antoine Barada (Nebraska Folklore Pamphlets No. 8, Sept. 15, 1937, pp. 9-11, issued by the Federal Writers' Project in Nebraska); from New York state we get Joe Call and his sister, (Thompson, pp. 142-44); and in southern New Jersey the editor has found another figure. Such tales are known in northwestern Europe, and similar ones are part of the Paul Bunyan cycle.

The story of the diet that contributed to Bobby Hayes' death is amusingly paralleled by the report of what finally killed the cowboy folk hero, "Pecos Bill": the latter, after his liquor lost its kick for him, "got to puttin' fishhooks and barbed wire in his toddy." See: Edward O'Reilly, "The Saga of Pecos Bill," Century Magazine, CVI (October, 1923), 833; Boatright, p. 97.)

TALES FROM A STEEL TOWN
(Part 2)*

Here are three tales gathered in East Chicago, Indiana. A steel town nested not too comfortably about two great steel mills and innumerable allied industries, East Chicago is truly, as my students have assured me either proudly or rather defiantly, a melting pot. All of the better known immigrant groups are copiously represented, as are some of the less common groups. For instance, there is a Turkish group large enough to support an Islamic school. In addition to the non-English-speaking groups, including Latin-Americans, there are large native sections that keep separate communal entities, such as the Negroes, Tennessee mountaineers, and steel-workers from the Southwest -- all attracted by the pull of high wages. Obviously to one who could afford the time to make an entree to the various groups and who could overcome the charge of ridiculing the ancestral lares and penates, the town would be a gold mine of folklore. Perhaps in these days one should say a rubber plantation or an oil well of folklore.

All three of these tales were written down for the collector by college students who, at my request, attempted to keep them in the idiom in which they were told; however, I think one can see in their diction a little contamination from a college education. The tales were proffered to me with considerable hesitation, one student terming her contribution a couple of whoppers and another calling hers a Croatian "fish story."

The first two are Negro tales contributed by Mildred Kilpatrick. They were heard by her father in Virginia "a long time ago." I can find no parallels to these tales in the Aarne-Thompson types, although the tales would probably be indexed under the general heading of jokes and anecdotes. Particularly interesting I think is the explanation appended to the second of these tales.

The third tale, contributed by Lillian Javorcic, is Croatian and is labelled by Miss Javorcic as "one of the many stories heard by my mother in her childhood." Again there is no exact Aarne-Thompson parallel. I imagine this tale would fit most closely into the 750-779 group of religious tales. Worthy of note is the precept with which the tale closes; there are certainly any number of axioms which the tale might better illustrate. Titles, and references in parentheses after the stories, have been added by the editor of the Bulletin.

1. When Caleb Comes

The people in a certain town promised their minister, Mr. Peters, that if he stayed in the haunted house, he could have it free of charge. He agreed to spend the night there alone.

*Part 1, entitled "Tall Tale from a Steel Town," appeared in Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, I (August, 1942), pp. 41-42.

Mr. Peters gathered four armloads of bark and stacked the bark near the fireplace. That night he sat near the fireplace reading his Bible. Suddenly the door opened. A black cat walked in. The cat sat in the corner looking at Peters, who pretended to read as if nothing had happened.

The fire needed attention; so Peters placed a piece of bark on the fire. The cat placed a piece of bark on the fire, too. As the cat did this, he said, "Things will be all right when Caleb comes, won't they?" The preacher looked and looked, but said nothing.

The preacher began to read the Bible again. After a while another cat walked in and sat in another corner. Peters looked at this cat and the cat looked at him.

Peters began to shift in his chair and quiver. He reached over to the bark and put two pieces on the fire. The two cats reached over and placed two pieces of bark each on the fire also.

Mr. Peters was scared. Later, when Peters was thinking about departing, a huge black cat entered. He looked around the room and spoke. "A lovely evening," he said. The other cats replied, "Fine evening."

This cat sat in the fireplace. Peters looked at the cat who seemed to grow larger. Peters did not know what to do; so he placed a piece of bark on the fire. All of the cats did likewise. The huge cat said, "Everything will be all right when Caleb comes, won't it?" The preacher thought, "This is the last straw"--and proceeded to run.

He ran and ran and ran. After a while, he stopped to rest. He looked around and saw the cats. One of the small cats said, "We really ran, didn't we?" But the huge cat said, "Not like we're going to run!" and they lit out again.

(For other versions of this story, all Negro, see: Cox, JAFI XLVII (1934), 352-54; Fauset, JAFI XL (1927), 258-59; Puckett, p. 132. Cox points out the story has been used by stage comedians and by newspaper cartoonists. This is one form of the humorous tales of running from a talking animal. Compare "Racing a Ghost," this Bulletin, p. 58.)

2. King Of The Cats

John and Joe was coming home from town. It was a cold evening--no, it was a cold night. In the country, a group of people would travel together, for town was far away and John and Joe had hitched each of their mules to a wagon in order to carry their purchases easier.

As they were riding along, they saw two cats carrying another cat. They had almost passed the cats when one of the cats said, "Good Man, tell Lucy Truth that Susy Truth is sure dead." John and Joe were amazed at this, but they went on home and unhitched their mules.

John had a black Brahma cat that he cared for and liked very much.

When John came in, he saw his cat, who he had had for two years and would not sell the cat for any amount of money, laying in the corner fast asleep.

John said, "Wife, when I was coming home, I saw two cats carrying another cat. They stopped me and called me Good Man and said, 'Tell Lucy Truth that Susy Truth is sure dead.'"

His big cat in the corner jumped up and said, "Good God!" and he lit out with John chasing him with the broom. John never did catch his cat.

Explanation: Evidently, the cat which John had was a witch. That is, took the form of a cat when he was at John's house. Whenever the cat would meet his friends, he would tell them how good he was treated by John. That is why the cats called John "Good Man." They knew John from the description the black cat gave.

(See the excellent study by Archer Taylor, "Northern Parallels to the Death of Pan, Washington University Studies (Humanistic Series) X (1922), 3-102. I have not seen the study of this tale by I. M. Bobberg: Sagnet om den store Pans Død (Copenhagen, 1934). See Taylor, pp. 60ff., for versions which feature the cat. To the very full list of texts given, add: Thompson, p. 109; Emmons, PTFLS XI (1933), 99-100; Béaloides III, 66; VII, 62; IX, 23-24.

The cat's request to the man is often couched in a rhyme or verbal jingle. Only the rhyme is left, and a new context substituted in Bayliss, JAFI XXI (1908), 363. An ending to this story, lacking in the present version but generally spoken by the cat at home, is: "If _____ is dead, then I am king of the cats.")

3. Be Kind To The Poor

The wealthy landowner lived in a beautiful farmhouse in one of the large cities in the county. Because he was such a miser, he did not have many friends. His wife, who was just as miserly as he, was bringing up their little child to be of the same nature. They were unable to get any servants or household help because of their greediness.

One day a peasant boy, who had no home, came to their farm to look for work. As they were sadly in need of someone to watch their cows in the meadow, they offered to give him a cow if he would work for them for one year. This was an exceptionally high offer, but they were willing to give him the cow if he would stay. They also stated that he could sleep in the barn, and that he would get his meals three times a day. The boy thought it a fair offer; so he made this his new home.

The boy soon learned to know his employer and disliked him very much. He was very unhappy although he had lived there but a few weeks. There was more work for him to do every day; and his meals were always leftovers from the day before and sometimes he was forgotten at mealtime.

As he was unable to break his yearly contract, he was forced to stay there. Each night he would pray that something would happen that would make things more pleasant for him.

While he was in the fields one day, a poor man walking through the field stopped to ask him for something to eat as he had gone for days and days without anything to eat. The beggar went on to tell of his experience at the farmhouse where he had asked for a meal. The lady had given him scraps from the floor, which he took and threw away when he passed the house. The boy was moved with pity and offered the beggar his only possession, the cow, which he said could be sold at a high price in the marketplace. The beggar took the cow and said he would repay the boy.

That night the boy again prayed that he could be taken away from this unhappy environment. In his dream he heard the Lord tell him that his prayer would be answered because of his kind deed that day. The following day when he was in the fields, he noticed that high waters were flooding the farmhouse and that the house was almost covered with water. He quickly ran to the house and was able to save the child. As he ran down the road, the waters seemed to be coming after him. Suddenly he heard a voice telling him to drop the child, that the water would stop as soon as he did. He thought twice and then dropped the child.

Let everything that is wicked and bad perish, and let nothing of theirs be left behind.

Indiana University

William Hugh Jansen

(A section of this article was used by Mr. Jansen in the paper he read at the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society.)

A MICHIGAN LUMBERJACK SINGER

Many folksong collections have been published in the United States and more are appearing each year. Few of them give us much perspective on the part that singing plays in the lives of the singers; yet for a real understanding of folksong we need to gain such perspective. One way to do this is to get the autobiographies of folksingers, and this interview is given as a sample.

William McBride is a Michigan lumberjack with a remarkable repertory of folksongs. Professor Earl Clifton Beck, who has included a number of McBride's songs in his book, Songs of the Michigan Lumberjacks (Ann Arbor, 1942), says that he once rode with Bill for twenty-four hours and that for twenty of those hours he sang and recited with almost no repetition. At Ann Arbor, on March 14, 1941, through the courtesy of Professor Beck, I recorded a number of Mr. McBride's songs for the Indiana University collection. Mr. McBride and I were the guests of Professor Ivan Walton, and at the latter's house that evening I took down the interview which is presented here in Bill's own words. To clarify some of the answers I have occasionally inserted my questions, or an explanatory word, in parentheses.

It seems to me that this gives a vivid picture of bunkhouse social life in the woods, as well as of the development of one singer. More material of this sort from other sections of the country would give us a picture of the tremendous role folksong has played in the cultural life of America.

* * * * *

I'm on a route, Route 5, from Mount Pleasant. I live in Isabel(la) City. I was seventy-seven years old the 14th of last October. My father was named Sam McBride. He was born in York State. My father never had no brother. He had a half-brother, Jim Harvey, and a half-sister, Phoebe. He died down in my place; he was a near a hundred years old. You see my father died -- twenty-three years ago; pretty near seventy-eight years old when he died. (Mother) Jane Gary, before she married my father. I think my mother was born in Saginaw -- on a farm about four and a half, might be five, miles from Saginaw City.

I never had much education -- never went to school very much. All I went was six, seven months maybe, in the hull of my lifetime. Never went steady. (Why?) Them days my father had quite a little chores to do -- and I was the oldest boy -- and I stayed mostly to do the chores. I'd liked to -- if I could -- I could learn quite fast if I had the chance -- at that time, yes! I don't know why but I can't now. We allus lived good. They never used to send to school till five or over in my time.

(When did you first hear singing?) When we was goin' to school we used to sing some hymns about "Wave the fort that I am coming" -- I've kind of forgot it. Then we used to play and things -- about "Ring Around the Roses" -- (sang):

"Molly, Molly May as we went roving"

-- when it was recess and at noon hour. Us children go out and play that. Maybe ten, eleven years. And I remember once we had a Christmas tree -- this man come and wanted me to sing a song.

(Ever earlier?) No, unless around home. My father used to sing a leetle ditty; he wasn't much of a singer. He used to come home, he used to tote through the woods -- draw clear up the Chippeway River when the wolves used to foller him when he had some fresh beef to tote up to the camps. He had a team, and they called him to do the totin'. He used to sing that there "The Winding of an Ax from Daylight to Dark." It started:

"A Shantyman's life is a most wearisome life"

-- but I don't know it very much -- but I know he used to sing that song. Mebbe I'd be twelve -- I never went to school much, just now and then -- and about thirteen years old, since then I never went to school any after that. He'd come home and stay at night. He'd sing it mebbe in the morning before he started up to go. I used to laugh at it, and mebbe I'd just be doin' chores. My father was a hustler. I never heard him sing it all the way through.

Mother had an awful good voice to sing -- she was a good singer. She'd sing around the house quite a lot. She'd sing for us children some songs. Most every day she'd sing or little something to the kids. She'd

sing it and I'd hear it. I liked to hear her sing but never really learnt the songs -- not very much. Mebbe I'd sing a little bit with her sometimes when she started up.

Where I took to be singin' to amount to anything was in the lumberwoods. When I was about fourteen years old, the first thing I done in the lumberwoods -- they put me swampin' cat roads for the teamsters to get in to the logs -- swamp the brush away. (How did you get started?) Hearin' other people sing I gradually got to singin' that way. They'd be in the camp. We didn't sing every night. Saturday nights quite a lot, and Sundays sometimes.

I've done everything there is to do in the woods except to be a blacksmith or a tinker. I've druv team, helped to swamp 'em, helped saw, chopped, I've helped deck the logs, helped load 'em, and help unload 'em; help break rollways, and help drive 'em some.

We would sometimes -- we wouldn't hardly sing songs in the daytime. If I'd be singin' a song and the foreman come along, he'd say, "I'd didn't hire you to sing," or somethin' like that. In the winter -- if we didn't see a team in sight, right where we worked we'd have a little bough shanty -- mebbe a little bit of fire. Little stove we got out of a tin -- so if it snow or a rain come up, we could scoot in there -- not get too wet. If we had a few minutes, mebbe we'd go in there, tell a story, mebbe start up a little song. We wouldn't hardly get a chance to sing one of them songs. Teams come along and we had to stay there. You work when you go in them woods. I've been loadin' some mornings at half past three. Three o'clock or half past three, the cook'd blow his horn for breakfast.

On Saturday come, most of the camps at nine o'clock, they'd have their violins -- be someboby there have a violin -- or dulcimers, or jew's harp or mouth organ. I have seen a 'cordean; I mind one time a feller fetched one out. Then we get up and say, "Let's have a stag dance, boys" -- I'd get a man, and if it was a big camp, we'd have two sets -- an old square dance. We'd call -- one these men. If a fellow get me, he'd call me his girl. Old square dance. "Honor your partners" -- just like they do in an old square dance. We'd dance till ten, 'leven o'clock.

But before that, if we had a chance, maybe couple of fellows sing a song or maybe three or four of us -- just singin' one song if we hit it together. Might be just one man sing a song. After nine o'clock if you was singin' a song (through the week) the foreman'd come in and say, "Bedtime, boys; time to get your bunks." Foreman sing a song with us sometimes. We could sing a song till nine o'clock. If the foreman come in and we was pretty near done, most generally he'd wait till it finished up. If he see we were startin' to go to bed, he wouldn't say nothin'.

But not on Saturday night -- Saturday night was our night. We most generally would sing the songs before we danced much. Mebbe we'd dance two sets. Sometimes they wouldn't care to dance; most generally the older men wouldn't care to; it was us young fellows like to dance. Some of the old men would get up and dance around.

(How would the singing start?) If we'd happened to come out to supper, we'd have maybe a young feller come in. We'd have a leader -- there'd allus be some feller in camp would start it -- and he'd walk up to him and ask him to "sing a song, tell a story, dance a jig -- or up he went" -- he'd have to go up in a blanket. If I knew I could sing a song, I'd sing. If he was green, off the farm, didn't have no voice for singin' and say he could, we'd make fun of him -- put him up in a blanket. If he tried to do his very best, they wouldn't pick onto a man like that.

Sometimes a man that loved it would come in and start in. You could hear a pin drop if he was any kind of a singer. If we saw he wanted to sing it alone, we let him do it. Or if he knew his song and we didn't know it, we'd all keep still. If we see he'd like a little tenor or bass, if we could sing bass or tenor to his song, we'd sing it. Maybe we'd sing it just as he would (unison). There are some songs that you can't sing bass on -- bass don't sound very good, or tenor either don't.

Then mebbe someone would say, "McBride, sing this man a song; he sung us one," or "Let's us sing him one" -- that'd be if he asked for it. Some men loved singin'; some don't give a damn. Mebbe time to go to bed -- or this is Saturday night -- set down and tell a story or have the stag dance. Then we'd sing some smutty songs. We sung always before we danced. If I get up and dance, then my wind's a little bit short.

(How did you learn song?) Just as I heard them myself. Them days I used to could learn a song if I kinda took a likin' to that song, if I heard it two or three times anyway. (If it was long?) If it was like some songs, sixteen, seventeen verses, might have to hear it five or six times. (Suppose you only heard it once or twice?) I'd pretty well have it. I might have a word or two out, but I'd hear it sung over again, and I'd watch out where I missed it.

(What kind did you like?) I liked the lumberjack better -- or some farm song. I liked that "Wild Mustard River" -- it's a sad song, or "Jack Munro" -- that's a sad song because he got killed -- but I liked those songs. They're good songs. (What would make a good song?) If the boys liked it.

I can tell if a man sings a song good, or if whether he's got a good voice or not. If you don't know it, you don't know whether he sung it right. I'm not a trained singer -- I never sung by note -- all I know is some bunkhouse songs, or a farmer's song.

You might like one song and I might like another. Maybe after I sung a song you wouldn't like it, but that fellow over there, he would. 'Tain't everybody thinks alike.

For thirty-five years I hardly sung a song. Some days I can't think of it, and next day it comes to me.

FOLKTALES FROM INDIANA UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

The tales in this article were collected from students in English composition classes at Indiana University. A few were part of a group of stories secured in 1940-41 (see this Bulletin, pp. 3-34), but the greater number were recorded this past summer. Mr. Mitchell read some of the stories in the first number of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin both to his own class and to Mr. Dickason's. After that the classes were asked to write down any tales of the same sort that they had heard.

From the mass of material turned in, the editor of the Bulletin selected the most promising items. He then visited Mr. Mitchell's class, told a few other tales, and elicited some new ones from the students. All were asked to stay after class and dictate the stories either to Mr. Mitchell or to the editor. They were also asked to try to recall the circumstances under which they had heard the stories.

The students from Mr. Dickason's class, whose stories had been selected, came to his office in a small group and dictated the tales to him while he took them down on the typewriter. In this group situation he was able to get some additional stories.

Mr. Mitchell has summarized from his own point of view some of the problems that face the teacher who records folktales from students.

"These stories are the fruit of an attempt to collect folktales from college students, an attempt beset with three dangers: the fact that most of the stories were at a distinct remove from their natural oral setting, the consciousness of the narrators that they were talking to their English teacher, and the amateur status of the collector himself. The first materializes at times in a half-instinctive condescension toward the tale told, and in an almost complete deficiency of the scrupulous if ungrammatical artistry with which the "born yarn-spinner" works to make each telling of the tale the best yet. The second results in a disposition to "dress up" the story in language considered suitable for a composition classroom. In the first case, the only remedial device available seemed to be to put the narrator in as congenial and unacademic a mood as possible (which still would not make a yarn-spinner of him); in the second, he could only be urged to tell the story in as nearly the exact phrase and inflection of the original teller as possible. As the reader will perceive, neither device was perfectly efficacious. Numerous passages still produce the effect of a confusion of tongues. But it may be worth noting that, as compared with written versions submitted earlier, these oral tellings display far less effort to achieve elegance of an untimely sort."

The dangers Mr. Mitchell suggests are very real ones, but his solutions for the first two show very clearly that the third is not long an insurmountable barrier--even for English teachers. From the folklorist's point of view the oral re-telling of the tale unquestionably produces a text that is far superior to the composition-class product.

With each story we have given the name of the informant, and his source of information. Oral versions are marked "dictated," while written

texts are "contributed." The collector's initials are given with each: C.B.M. (C. Bradford Mitchell), D.H.D. (David H. Dickason), H.H. (Herbert Halpert). The last named has furnished the story titles and the notes given in parentheses after each of the stories.

In this group of stories we have some fine examples of the perennially popular tall tale. There are a few humorous tales, apparently products of the American scene. In some ways, however, the two Negro tales which open the collection are the most unusual in the series: The first is in the "fairy-tale" tradition, and the second has affiliations with an old medieval legend.

1. The Boy And The Witch

Contributed to H.H. by Robert D. Rosenbush of Kokomo, Howard County, Indiana, Jan. 7, 1941. This whole narrative was told by Mrs. Abell Waters, a Negro woman who has worked for my family for many years. It went on while she was setting the table for noon dinner and I was mashing the potatoes. There were many interruptions such as, "Here, Bobby, now put some cream in them," or, "Say, if'n you don't stop all that noise you won't hear me attall." But, for the sake of the story I have deleted them, leaving in only such errors in pronunciation as "git" for "get", "de" for "the", "'cause" for "because", "kin" for "can", etc. These expressions appeared only once in a while when she was busy concentrating on some task and forgot her English. In general, her language was a trifle better than it appears here on paper because her education extended to the last year of high school.

I remember Abell had told me the story in 1929. I asked her, "Can't you remember the story you told me when I was young, about the witch that changed herself into a mouse for a young man, who promptly killed it?" She replied, "Yes, of course I can Bobby, it goes like this":

Once upon a time there was an old witch that alwis used to catch little boys and girls and enchant them into tables, chairs, books and flowers and things like that. One day she caught a young fellow and she liked him so good that she kept him in human-form instead of changing him into a new sofa like she was going to.

'Course this boy wanted to git shut of her so he kept on tauntin' her to change herself into a mouse. Finally, one night she got so tired of telling him, "'Course I can turn myself into a mouse, if'n I wanted to", that she did turn herself to somethin'. Don't recollect whether it was a cat or a dog but whichever it was, she didn't stay that way long. All of a sudden she was a witch again and a mad witch, too 'cause she was mad at him for making her prove her powers. At last she grew accustomed to his demands so 'most ever night she changed herself into some animal or somethin' but she was alwis sure to keep out of his reach. One night, though, he persuaded her to change herself into a mouse by saying, "Sure, you can change yourself to anything big but any witch kin do that, but you can't be a mouse!" And with a few magic words she was a tiny mouse standing on the ground* in front of him. Real quick he threw a hammer at her and killed the mouse.

*Contributor's note: "It was obvious to me that the witch was in a cave but she didn't say so."

Now, Bobby, comes the big part. As soon as the old witch was dead, all the people that she had made into chairs and stuff came to life and were young kids jist like him, and one of them was a beautiful blond girl who had been a little yalla rose beside the front of de cave. And he married her soon after and I guess lived happy ever after.

(This interesting tale seems related to Type 327, The Children and the Ogre, with an admixture possibly from the Puss-in-Boots story, Type 545B. In J.M. Carriere, Tales from the French Folk--Lore of Missouri (Evanston and Chicago, 1937), No. 32, the ogre becomes first a lion and then a mouse--and then the cat eats it.)

2. The Devil Child

Contributed to H.H. by Charles Bond of Kokomo, Indiana, May 30, 1941. "This story was given to me by Mrs. Deering who came from Atworth, Georgia, but now lives in Bloomington, Indiana. She is a colored woman about thirty-nine years old."

In Arkansas a man selling Bibles stopped at a lady's house and asked her if she wanted to buy a Bible. She was pregnant. She said that she would rather have a divil in her house rather than to have a damned old Bible. When her child was born, it had long ears, horns, and a tail. Then the woman and child both died.

(The editor is making a study of Devil Child stories and their relation to the medieval legend of Robert the Devil. He has assembled texts from New Jersey, New York, Maryland, Illinois, Texas, and Quebec, and would appreciate receiving others in which a child is born with any of the physical characteristics of the Devil. In Catholic versions the child is born in this form as a result of the parents' cursing a holy picture rather than the Bible. At other times the unborn child is cursed by the parents, or by a visiting priest or minister.)

3. The Scarer Scared

Contributed to H.H. by James A. Ricketts, December, 1940. It is "a story from Tipton County, Indiana, told me by my mother. Her grandmother told her."

There was an old barn which had fallen into decay leaving a rafter sticking out at one end. The people for miles around talked about a man sitting on the rafter every night. Some wouldn't believe the story so one man got up a party to go out and prove it. One young fellow heard about the party so he went ahead and crawled upon the rafter himself. He laughed to himself over the prank he was playing on them.

As the crowd arrived he heard them say, "Yes, there the man is." Some one else cried, "Look! There are two men." This frightened the prank player so badly that he fell off the barn. The crowd fled thinking the ghost was after them. Since that night, everyone has been convinced there was a man on the rafter every night.

(This story is related to the tale of Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid, see this Bulletin, p. 57. It is quite close to some of the European tales which Grace P. Smith has assembled in her study in SFQ VI (1942), 89-94.)

4. You Take This One

Dictated to C.B.M. by Henry Souder, Jr., of Grayville, Indiana, July 30, 1942. "I heard it from my mother. She was born in Illinois and moved out to Iowa."

The story goes--there was two boys who went hickory nut hunting in the woods. They had two sacks, and when they had filled the sacks completely full, they took them and slung them on their backs and started on their way. They came to an old cemetery with a high wall around it. So they decided to go inside and divide the nuts. As they went in the gate there, two of the nuts fell out of one of the sacks. They said they'd get that one later--they'd just leave it. So they went inside and found themselves a nice spot and started to divide the nuts. They progressed and one said, "I'll take this one... I'll take this one," and they divided the nuts.

A Negro and a white man happened to be coming along the road and heard the voices, and it seems the Negro got scared and he said, "It's God and the Devil dividing up the lost souls." The white man says it's nothing at all. Meanwhile their voices were drawing to a close. They'd got to the last of the nuts. Then the last voice said, "I'll take this one there. Now we'll get the two outside the gate."

And they tell me the white man beat the Negro running home.

(For Indiana variants of this widely known tale see this Bulletin, pp. 25, 56-57.)

5. Big John And Little John

Dictated to H.H. by William Bucksot of Hammond, Indiana, July 14, 1942. He said: "My uncle tells a lot of stories as truth--I don't know whether they are or not. This isn't kind at all. I think it is a bed-time story he used to quiet the two boys down. He's told it to us for years. We'd be bothering mother and he'd tell it to us mainly to quiet us down. I had him tell it to me this last weekend I was home, but I can't remember the details. We used to live in Indianapolis."

The boys were sitting around the campfire and Big John said to Little John, "Tell us a story." This is the story he told:

"The boys were sitting around the campfire and Big John said to Little John, 'Tell us a story.' And this is the story he told:

'The boys were sitting around the campfire--'

--That just keeps on goin' like that till you go to sleep.

(This is an Endless tale, Type 2350. See Archer Taylor, "A Classification of Formula Tales," JAFL XLVI (1933), 88. For French Canadian variants see: Lanctot, JAFL XXIX (1916), 150; *ibid.* XLIV (1931), 261; Lambert, Barbeau, Daviault, JAFL LIII (1940), 156. Compare this Bulletin, pp. 33-34, 69. Add: Béaloideas VII, 76-77.)

6. Marking The Boat

Dictated to C.B.M. by Louis Kiesling of Logansport, Indiana, July 14, 1942, with the preliminary statement, "A travelling salesman--I believe he was out of Fort Wayne--was telling this story. I think it was in Knox."

Two idiots were fishing out in the lake, and they were having real good luck. They were catching fish as fast as they could pull them in. When they got the boat full, they decided they couldn't fish any more; so one idiot gave the second idiot a piece of chalk and told him to mark the spot. The second idiot reached over the side of the boat and put an X on the side of the boat. When they got in to shore, the first idiot asked the second idiot if he had marked the spot. He said yes, it was on the side of the boat. The first idiot says, "What if we don't get the same boat the next time?"

(This is Type 1278, Motif 1922.1, Marking the place on the boat. See Clouston, p. 99; Boggs, JAFL XLVII, 302; Parsons, MAFLS XVI, 148; Waugh, JAFL XXXI, 78-79. With the final twist that we do not have in the older folk versions, this story is apparently now current as a city jest. Mr. Ernest W. Baughman tells me he heard it in Muncie about a year ago, told by a clerical worker, with only one variation: it is the bottom of the boat that is marked, not the side.

7. Opening His Mouth

Dictated to C.B.M. by Thomas V. Reese of Indianapolis, Indiana, July 14, 1942. He prefaced it: "My father told it. He was born and raised on a farm which was located in a German community. This is one of his anecdotes about a German and an Irishman."

They had a large steak and they were quarreling over it. They couldn't decide who was going to get the steak. They both wanted the whole thing, and so they decided that they would each take one end--put an end in his mouth--and they would pull on it, and whoever would tear it away from the other man would get the steak. The Irishman grit his teeth and said, "Noo're you ready?" (teeth clenched). The German replied, "Ja,"--and naturally let go.

(For a Negro variant from Virginia see Bacon and Parsons, JAFL XXXV (1922), 305.)

8. The Horse Swap

Dictated to D. H. D. by Charles Eugene Jackson of Bluffton, Indiana, July 21, 1942. "When I was a little boy I lived in Ft. Wayne and my grandfather lived in Bluffton. He ran a horsebarn and filling station. There wasn't much horse swapping, but there were a few sales in addition to the filling station business. All the old farmers and horse traders would sorta gather there and swap stories. And the way I thought of this story, it just came to mind as one of the stories told there. My grandfather was about sixty. He died four years ago. He had lived there all his life. He bought mules for the government during the last war. His folks came from Pennsylvania I think.

"I'd stay around the filling station. You know--the idea of the story, that's about all I know. Usually when a story like that is told, you don't remember much about it."

This man was always trading sight unseen. And my grandfather told that this group got tired of being gypped by his sight-unseen tradings--swappings--so they decided they would cook up a conspiracy and beat him at his own game. They bought up a old horse that wasn't worth only five dollars, just an old nag about ready to die, and they decided to make a deal with him. The fellow wasn't very anxious to trade. He said his horse wasn't very lively. Whoever was making the deal told him that their horse had a slight cough, but they didn't think it was very serious.

Well, after much talk concerning the horses, they finally came to an agreement. After bringing the deal to the close, the group of fellows around there who had been watching, broke out into laughter. They were all very happy to think that once they had gotten the best of this other fellow--until, you might say, they saw the horse they had been swapped. Um--he had said it wasn't very lively, but they hadn't expected to find a dead horse.--That's about all.

(There are many yarns current of the shrewdness of horse swappers who tell the literal truth. See: Thompson, pp. 158-61, 171; Pioneer Tales (Nebraska Folklore Pamphlets, No. 29, July, 1940), pp. 1-3, In the Halpert ms. from New Jersey, a dead horse is swapped for a shaving-horse.)

9. Calling The Other Preacher

Dictated to H. H. by Louise Tucker of Shelbyville, Shelby County, Indiana, July 14, 1942. She says, "I heard it in church, told by the minister. He was pinch-hitting for another minister of another denomination. I think it was last year." Miss Tucker says she has also heard this told of other denominations.

John Smith was desperately ill of smallpox. He was dying. And because he was a very devout Christian, he thought he should have a word with the minister before he died. He and his wife talked it over and they decided they should call someone, but who should they call? They decided on the Methodist minister.

So the wife called the minister and explained that her husband was very sick, and they would like for him to come over and talk to him. The minister said, "Why, I'd be glad, but you're very devout Baptist. Why don't you call on Reverend Jones?" The wife says, "Oh, we can't. John has smallpox, and we love our minister."

(For other humorous tales told by or about preachers, see M. C. Boatright, "Comic Exempla of the Pioneer Pulpit," PTFIS XIV, 155-68.)

10. Clinching The Nail

Dictated to H. H. by Bernard M. Hull of Letts, Decatur County, Indiana, July 14, 1942. "The minister told me he'd participated in the yarn. It happened in the store--just a general merchandise store. We were discussing the fellow who was always telling yarns and he happened to relate it to me."

A fellow in the community that was good at spinning yarns was in the store and told about when he was young people had told him that the moon was made of cream cheese. And he wanted to find out for sure, so one day he built a ladder to the moon--one night, I guess it was; well, it could have been the day --and drove a nail through the moon. Then he looked over there at the minister who was standing there with a sack of groceries and said, "I bet you don't believe that, do you, preacher?" The minister said, "Sure, I believe it. I was on the other side and clinched the nail."

(For variants see E. C. Parsons, "Folk-Lore from Aiken, S.C.," JAFI XXXIV (1921), 21; W. C. Hazlitt, The New London Jest Book (London, 1871), p. 301.)

11. The Big Fish And The Lantern

Dictated to H. H. by Bernard M. Hull of Letts, Decatur County, Indiana, July 14, 1942. He says, "I don't remember where I heard it--just a story that went around in our home town."

One fisherman told another one that he'd caught a fish twenty inches long. And the other replied, "I went fishing the other day, too, but I pulled an old lantern out of the creek. If you'll cut ten inches off your fish, I'll blow the light out."

(A variant of this lying contest is in the Halpert ms. from New York.)

12. Hunter Goes For Axe--To Free Himself

Dictated to H. H. by Paul Narcovich of Gary, Indiana, July 14, 1942, with this explanation: "It was about thirty miles southwest of Bloomington, just a little town. One of the boys had a farm out there, and we were staying the week end. We went in on a Saturday night just to see what it was like. A man in one of the stores -- country store, I suppose you'd call it --they sold about everything -- was just sitting there and talking

to a bunch of men. I just happened to come in and overheard him tell this story. I didn't know him or anything."

He said he was goin' out hunting one day, and it was off on that hill (he pointed to the west) and he was a-walking on the mountainside and he tripped over a rabbit which jumped in front of him. And he fell into a clump of bushes, and when he fell he fell with the butt of the rifle hitting the ground first so that he killed some kind of animal when he hit the ground--I forget; it was a deer, maybe, sleeping in the bushes. The gun went off when he fell, and he split the limb of the tree on which a turkey was sitting. The tree, which was dead, fell down and pinned the man and the deer to the ground--the deer was only stunned by the blow on the head.

The man was so overjoyed with getting all this game that he jumped up, ran home to get himself a hatchet to cut himself out from underneath the tree.

(This is a combination of Type 1890, Motif X921.1, Accidental discharge of gun kills much game, with a variant of Type 1882, Motif X917, Man falls and is buried in earth: goes for spade and digs self out. For references to the former see this Bulletin, pp. 20-21, 41-42, 53-54. For a reference to getting the axe, see Munchausen (Broadway Translations), p. 15. The editor says there that getting the spade appeared only in the first two editions of Munchausen. He also mentions a Serbian parallel. Add: Anderson TFSB V (1939), 59; Gardner, pp. 27-28 (reprinted from JAFI XXVII, 305); Thompson, pp. 61, 151, 290. In L. L. Duncan, "Folk-Lore Gleanings from County Leitrim," FL IV (1893), 189, the head is sent home for help.)

13. The Great Frog Catch

Dictated to C. B. M. by Louis Kiesling of Logansport, Indiana, July 14, 1942. He began, "I heard this at a filling station up here when a farmer was changing a tire, complaining about a cold spell."

This farmer was telling about a man who made a billion dollars one cold night. In the central part of Michigan was a lake, and it had so many frogs around it--such large frogs--that they gave it the name of Frog Lake. One spring evening, during the night it turned real cold, and as the frogs would dive into the lake their heads would freeze in. There were so many of them the ice was just a green mass. There was a fellow that lived down in a village at the other end of the lake, and in the morning, when he woke up and saw all these frog legs, he got the idea that he would borrow a mowing machine from a neighbouring farmer. He used the mowing machine to mow the frogs' legs off. He sent them to a canning factory. Weeks later he was worth a million dollars.

(Professor Harold W. Thompson told a New York variant of this story in his speech at the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society. A Texan variant of this tale, Boatright, p. 51, lacks the element of commercializing on the frogs' legs. For other animals caught in ice by a sudden change in temperature, see Smith, JAFI LIV (1941), 50-51, and compare Type 1891, Motif X 921.2, The rabbit catch: rabbits freeze feet

fast to ice at night. Mr. Mitchell comments: "Apparently the price of frog legs fell off sharply between the beginning and end of the story.")

14. Flying Off With The Lake

Contributed to D. H. D. by William Charles Siples of Fort Wayne, Indiana, July 5, 1942. When I was a very young boy, many of my summer vacations were spent at Lake Wawasee. I knew a very interesting and typical old-timer who made a living there as a guide. One day we were talking about big lakes and rivers and he told me this story.

"When I was a young boy," he told me, "I lived in Colorado. You know, they have awful funny weather out there. One day when I was hunting ducks," he said, "I come upon a big lake which was covered with ducks--there must have been five million of them. It was a warm evening, but just as I came to the edge of the water the sun went down and it got so cold that the water froze instantly. When I walked up I scared the ducks who all tried to fly away at the same time. They caused such a pull that they lifted the ice right with them, and they flew away leaving nothing but a great big hole where the lake had been."

I questioned the story, of course, and he looked surprised and said: "Sure it's the truth! If you ever get out to Colorado, you can see the hole they left--the people call it the Grand Canyon."

(For other variants see: Hurston, p. 150; Idaho Lore, p. 132; Thomas, pp. 186-87.)

15. Mosquitoes On The Roof

Dictated to D.H.D. by Carl E. Hilgeman of Huntingburg, Indiana, July 21, 1942. He said: "When we were in school we wrote some tall stories--just made them up. I wrote one about Africa."

We were on an exploring expedition one summer in the southern part of Africa. We had encountered many hair-raising experiences, and met up with some very vicious looking animals. Among these of which I shall never forget were the very large mosquitoes. These mosquitoes were about the size of a quail, and had stingers several inches long. They were particularly bad at night, and we had to take every precaution that we would not be stung by them. One night a very exciting thing happened. We had pitched our tent near a large swamp, where the mosquitoes were very numerous. About ten o'clock that night they discovered that we were camping here. They probably were very bloodthirsty and decided to take their spite out on us. We heard them coming and made for our tents, shutting the door. A few moments later they lit on the top of our tent, and began stinging through the canvas. We thought we would have a lot of fun, and at the same time kill the vicious insects. To do thus we would clamp the stingers over with a hammer, thereby trapping the insect to the roof. After doing thus for several hours we had about three hundred mosquitoes trapped on the roof. At the time we did not think that this was going to cause any trouble. But soon we were left in a desperate

situation. The mosquitoes decided that they wanted to go back to the swamp. We heard a tremendous buzzing as they were flapping their wings, and soon the tent lifted up and they carried it to the swamp. After that we did our exploring in the United States.

--I don't know if I had heard it any particular place. A couple of guys were good at getting the stories and passing them around.

(Note that between the beginning and the end of the tale, the informant shifts from claiming he wrote it to admitting that he had heard it. For other mosquito stories see this Bulletin, pp. 18-19, 49, 65-66.)

16. The Mosquitoes And The Helmet

Dictated to D.H.D. by Charles M. Garmong of Morocco, Indiana, July 21, 1942. Told after hearing Hilgeman's mosquito story. "Aw, I heard that down in Texas. I heard it from my cousin who was in Texas. He was in the oil company. My uncle is vice president of the company, that's why--he is a pretty big shot. Here's the way he said it."

He says the story told down there about the size of mosquitoes is that there were two men--In order to get away from the mosquitoes they jumped under a steel helmet. It must be some thing they have down there they either room in or put oil in--or it's just a story. Maybe it was a tool shed. At least they had some tools there--they had a hammer. They thought they would be safe there. Soon they heard a buzzing noise like someone drilling down through the top. Let's see--when the beaks come through, they discovered that it was the mosquitoes. After they got through they clamped the beaks over. Finally after so many mosquitoes had their beaks clamped over there, they up and flew away with the steel helmet.

(For a Wisconsin text see this Bulletin, p. 49; see pp. 18-19 for other references.)

17. Eating Before The Big Ones Come

Dictated to D.H.D. by Charles M. Garmong of Morocco, Indiana, July 21, 1942, immediately after telling the preceding story.

Another he told me was about two big mosquitoes on the bedposts in a man's bedroom. They were talking to each other. The fellow happened to wake up--he heard them quarrel. One of them wanted to eat him right then, and the other wanted to wait until tomorrow. But they--the first one said, "We'd better eat him now, before the bigger ones come and take him away from us."

(For big mosquitoes arguing about eating a man, compare Idaho Lore, p. 138.)

18. The Poisonous Hoop-Snake

Dictated to C.B.M. by Robert Gannon of Middlebury, Indiana, July 14, 1942. He said, "I heard it from a man by the name of Dewey Cravens. It was told to him by his father. I tried to talk him out of this, but he stuck to it." In a note to a written version, Mr. Gannon says that the episode "was supposed to have taken place near Sturgis, Michigan."

It seems that his father was out in a field working. He happened to glance across the field and here came this hoop-snake down across the field. So he immediately started to run, and the snake started rolling after him. He jumped the fence into another field; the snake did likewise. He had his cattle pastured in this field; so he started zigzagging through his cattle, and the snake rolled right along after him. There's a big tree in this field; so he ran over and got behind the tree, and the snake rolled up and into the tree and was knocked down. This seemed to change the snake's mind about attacking his father. The snake got up and rolled away in a different direction. When his father had dodged through the cattle which were pastured in the field, the snake, which was following, had bumped several of the cattle, and these had immediately died. The next day, when he returned to the field, the tree which the snake had bumped into was also dead.

(Two hoop-snake stories are given in this Bulletin, but they deal with the remarkable power the snake's bite has over timber. For references on the deadly nature of the snake's touch or bite see the notes on pp. 18, 67. Add: Kearney, p. 37.)

19. Snake-Bit Timber

Dictated to D.H.D. by Carl E. Hilgeman of Huntingburg, Indiana, July 21, 1942. "My grandfather lived near there, about five miles away all his life. I can't remember just at present who told it to me, but I remember some man told it to me once. I was about twelve when I first heard it. He lived right in that community."

Well, this man said he was working for a farmer along the Mississippi River, south of where I lived. He had been working in the field bunching hay. He had only been working there a short time and had never had a chance to see the river. So one afternoon when he had finished work rather early, he said to his boss that he thought that he would walk along the river and see what it was like. Not thinking that he would need anything for protection he just carried his pitchfork on his shoulder as he walked along the river. After walking for about a half mile he came upon a very poisonous rattlesnake. Knowing that the snake was very poisonous he attempted to kill it with the fork. Let's see--He struck at the snake but just as he struck the snake with the fork, and the snake jerked back and hit the fork handle. Fearing that the snake would bite him he picked up a club lying nearby and killed the snake. But before he could pick up the fork handle he discovered that it was beginning to swell. He watched it for some time, and at last decided that he would not be able to take it home. In about two hours the handle was so large that he could not pick it up. It was getting late so he decided to leave it until

morning. The next morning he went to get the fork. He found that it was very large. In fact it was so large that he decided that it would be profitable to saw it up into lumber. To get it to the sawmill he rented twenty teams of horses, and twelve wagons. Let's see--After it was sawed up into lumber he had enough wood to build twenty five-room houses.

(For a Wisconsin variant, see this Bulletin, p. 52, and compare pp. 18 and 67. Add: Kearney, pp. 36-41; H.W. Shoemaker, Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia, 1931), p. 253. For a snake bite's effect on a mattress, see Idaho Lore, p. 130.)

20. The Fish In The Crooked Stream

Dictated to C.B.M. by Thomas V. Reese of Indianapolis, Indiana, July 14, 1942.

Summer before last we took a trip out West, and when we were coming back from Yellowstone we stayed for a couple of days in a little town in Montana—I think the name of it was Red Lodge. There was a sort of a zoo there, and there was this old man. He had a white beard and he chewed tobacco and he was a sort of a character. He told me about all the different animals around there, and I asked him about the fishing.

He said that they had a fish around there--there wasn't any other like it in the whole world--and no one could ever catch the fish. It was supposed to be--I think it was supposed to be--a trout, and supposed to be very crafty and too smart to be caught any way. If someone would hook onto it--if it would bite the hook--why, it would wrap itself around a curve in one of the streams, because the streams were so windy. Anyway, it'd wrap its tail around the bend in the stream, and catch itself so that it could not be pulled out of the stream; and in this way it was never caught.

21. The Thick Fog

Dictated to C.B.M. by Richard Wood of Terre Haute, Indiana, July 30, 1942. He says he heard it in the Lake-of-the-Woods country in Ontario, and comments upon it: "This is a peculiar story. I was up in Canada and I met an old Indian guide. His name was Luke. He wore red suspenders and an old yellow shirt. He was rather fond of telling tall stories. Not to be outdone by him, I thought up a story about Terre Haute. I told him that the smoke in Terre Haute was so thick it resembled a black-out about every other day."

I don't know whether he was trying to outdo me or not, but he said that one time he visited Terre Haute—he was a guide for my father. He had taken a small bit of money with him. While he was downtown one day he spent all his money at some gambling house downtown, and it left him without any cash at the time. After all his money was gone, he began to get homesick--wanted to go back to Canada again, but didn't have any more money. He didn't want to ask my father. So he just came back to the house and went to bed. Next morning, when he woke up, he noticed it was rather foggy out. So he turned on the light to find out where his clothes were. After several attempts he put on his clothes--he couldn't see them very well on account of the fog. About that time he thought of a way to get some money to go back

to Canada. He went to the corner store and fumbled his way around--staggered all over the place--and walked in and bought a bottle of ink. Well, he groped his way back to the house and went up to his room again, opened the window, poured the ink out into the fog, cut it up, and sold it for coal.

22. A Shade Against Sunstroke

Dictated to D.H.D. by Charles M. Garmon of Morocco, Indiana, July 21, 1942. My granddad was telling me. One day I was working on the railroad, and I was telling him how hot it was out there. I come back and told him that it was so hot that the workers had to go into the shade to keep from getting sunstroke. And he said: "How would you like to be working out in Arizona, where there isn't any shade?" Then he told me the story.-- He lived in New Mexico for several years, and still has several hundred acres out there. That is probably where he got the story.

There were two men travelling across Arizona, and when they got about half way across, they decided to get out and explore around. So happened that one of the fellows sprained his ankle, and it was too far for the other fellow to get him back to the car. So he looked around to find shade for his friend so he wouldn't get sunstroke, but there were no trees. His friend was complaining of his ankle, and he bent over to look at it and saw it was swollen. He decided to build a fire so he could get some heat to put on his friend's ankle, and in doing so he discovered that the smoke from the fire provided shade. He placed his friend in the shade, and thus he didn't get sunstroke. Then he said that when the workers out there sit down at noon to eat, they always build a big fire to make some shade.--It sounds funny.

23. The Swift Stream

Dictated to H.H. by George B. DeKalb of Indianapolis, Indiana, July 14, 1942. He said: "I heard this told in a theater here in Bloomington--the one that was destroyed by fire here the other day. I suppose it was told by a local resident. They were having a Ten-O-Win game, and to pass the time in between the spins, or to amuse the audience, the manager offered a \$2 prize for the person who would come up and tell the tallest tale. I think it was a farmer who told this. I couldn't say what his profession was."

A farmer had a very large farm. There was a small creek on this farm, and it was very swift. Along the creek there were several giant cottonwood trees which gave a great deal of shade. However, the little creek was so swift that it carried the shade from those trees a half mile down stream.

Indiana University

Herbert Halpert, C. Bradford Mitchell
and David H. Dickason

ANNUAL MEETING

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society was held on Saturday, August 15, 1942, at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, on invitation of the Summer Institute of Folklore. All sessions were held in the Indiana Union. The schedule of activities follows:

- 10-12 Registration--Lobby, Indiana Union. (Hoosier Folklore Bulletin No. 2 was distributed to members.)
 12:30 Informal Luncheon--Colonial Tea Room
 2-4 Meeting--Town Hall--Herbert Halpert, presiding.

Greetings

Stith Thompson
 Director, Summer Institute of Folklore

Collecting Old World Folklore in the Middle West

Thelma G. James
 Wayne University, Detroit, Michigan

Steel Town Folklore

William Hugh Jansen
 I.U. Extension Center, East Chicago, Indiana

The Shawnee Female Deity in Historical Perspective

C.F. and E.W. Voegelin
 Indiana University

Folklore in a Stone Mill Town

Ernest W. Baughman
 Wilson Jr. High School, Muncie, Indiana

The Family Saga in Sweden

Sven Liljeblad
 Lund University, Sweden

Folklore and Dialect

Harold Whitehall
 Indiana University

4:30 Business Meeting

6:45 Dinner--Dining Room E, Indiana Union. Speaker: Harold Thompson, Cornell University, President, The American Folklore Society.

The Society's officers for 1942-43 are listed on the inside back cover. The editor's report summarizes and brings up to date the report delivered at the business meeting.

EDITOR'S REPORT

The Hoosier Folklore Bulletin was proposed and approved at the Hanover meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society in 1941. The first issue was made possible by a reserve in the treasury, and by a small subvention from the Summer Institute of Folklore. The second and third numbers have been paid for by the 1942 dues. During 1942, three issues of Volume I, with a total of 104 pages appeared. If our membership continues or if it increases, as seems very probable, we will hope to repeat this publication record.

We now have eighty members, an increase of sixteen since our annual meeting, and libraries are beginning to subscribe. Our out-of-state membership includes persons and libraries from: Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, California, and Nova Scotia.

It will be of interest to our members to note the reception of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin by other folklore journals in the country, our elders. The Journal of American Folklore (Dr. Erminie W. Voegelin, editor) announced the Bulletin's appearance in the July number. The Tennessee Folklore Bulletin (Dr. Edwin C. Kirkland, editor) had a cordial review in its September issue of our first number by Dr. George Pullen Jackson, President of the Tennessee Folklore Society. The October issue of the California Folklore Quarterly (Drs. Archer Taylor and Gustave O. Arlt, Editors) carried a long, and very flattering review by Dr. Wayland D. Hand of our first two numbers. Announcements of the Fifth Annual Meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society appeared in the Journal of American Folklore, Tennessee Folklore Bulletin, and in the Southern Folklore Quarterly (Dr. Alton C. Morris, editor). The Hoosier Folklore Society express its appreciation to these journals for their kindness.

We are also pleased to be able to announce that the articles in Volume I of our Bulletin will be listed in the two standard annual folklore bibliographies: the one compiled by Professor Ralph Steele Boggs, which appears in the March number of Southern Folklore Quarterly, and the other by Professor Wayland D. Hand, appearing in the Supplement of the Publications of the Modern Language Association.

The editor wishes to thank the many friends of the Society who have expressed their cordial liking of the Bulletin, and especially to thank Professor Stith Thompson, Dr. Erminie W. Voegelin and Miss Violetta Maloney, who gave so freely of their time to help solve a variety of problems. He reiterates his personal acknowledgement to Indiana University and to the American Council of Learned Societies whose fellowships he has held while preparing these Bulletins.

Since it would be very advisable to bring out the first number of Volume II early in the year, members are strongly urged to send the treasurer their 1943 dues at once. A bill will be found enclosed with this number.

Herbert Halpert

NOTES AND QUERIES

(This section has been started for folklore items that are too brief for treatment in articles, and for questions proposed by and for readers. We hope readers will contribute freely to this department.)

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

I secured the following play-party song about two and a half years ago from Mrs. Eunice Batsel, of Central City, Muhlenberg County, Kentucky. Later I heard the same tune at the Benton Big Singing, sung to a hymn "O Come Come With Me." I think it interesting to find Napoleon still sung about, and the relationship of the tunes puzzles me somewhat.

Napoleon was a mighty warrior,
Tra la la la la, la la la;
A great big bully, fighting terror,
Tra la la la la, la la la.

Chorus

Oh Boney fought the Roosians,
And Boney fought the Proosians,
And Boney got capitulation.

Louisville, Kentucky

Ben Russak

Drama, Music, and Folk Dance Supervisor
of Recreation Project in Kentucky.

(In Joanna C. Colcord's Songs of American Sailormen (New York, copyright 1938), pp. 40-41, is a sea shanty which has nearly the same lines as above except for the third line of the chorus. A much needed study would be one on the cross-relation between sailor's shanties and land songs—especially between the shanties and Negro work songs.—H.H.)

WISCONSIN PARALLELS TO INDIANA FOLKTALES

I today received the two fine issues of the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin... and the reprint of "Oregon" Smith... and am greatly pleased with their contents. A few of the stories, or variations of them, I had heard told in Wisconsin. The one about "Racing the Ghost" (Bulletin, p. 58) is told about our "Ridgeway Ghost," who in pioneer lead-mining days, frequented a locality of that name. The early miners of this vicinity were Welsh and Cornish.

1. The Ridgeway Ghost

The man had been drinking at a tavern and was followed by the ghost. When the man was out of breath with hard running, he sat down on a log. The ghost came along and sat down beside him. The ghost said, "That was a damn hard run we had?" "Yes," said the man, still breathing hard, "and as soon as I catch my breath, I'm going to run some more."

2. The Cherry Tree Deer

"The Peach Tree Deer" story I have heard one of our former Wisconsin lumberjacks tell. In his story the lumber camp hunter used cherry stones, and the tree which he found growing between the horns of a deer years afterward was a cherry tree.

We also have a version of "The Powder Room Fire" story collected in a Northern Wisconsin lumber camp by my friend, William W. Bartlett, Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and given to me in 1932.

3. The Powder Factory

A bunch of lumberjacks were toasting their shins around the bunkhouse stove. The old axeman spoke: --

"There was a powder mill down near my home town in Vermont. One day I went to see a friend in this factory. They had pretty strict rules there against any smoking or lighting of matches. I was smoking my pipe when I went there. I read the printed sign forbidding any smoking on the premises. I paid no attention to it. I thought it would do no harm to smoke a bit if I was careful.

"As I walked into the factory I saw heaps of powder on every side. While I was passing some of these powder piles I stumbled and fell down. The burning tobacco from my pipe fell on one of them, and, would you believe it, set fire to the powder and burned up several bushels of it, before I could stomp the fire out. It was a close call to burning up the hull powder factory, I can tell you."

Madison, Wisconsin

Charles Edward Brown
Director, Wisconsin Folklore Society

(Mr. Brown's second and third tales parallel two in the article by H. Halpert and E. Robinson, "'Oregon' Smith, an Indiana Folk Hero," SFQ VI (1942), 163-68.)

A HOBO SONG

I learned this song from my brother about six years ago. He had picked it up either from hoboes in a "jungle" on the outskirts of our town (Pottstown, Pa., on the edge of the Pennsylvania anthracite belt, and on the route the coal truckers take to Philadelphia and the South) or from some bootleg-coal truckers. My brother regaled me with this and other similar pieces (usually in the absence of my parents, who disapproved of his teen-age passion for consorting with the "rabble" from whom he learned such things) on evenings when he was bent on distracting me from useful pursuits by seeing how much he could shock me with his knowledge of "life in the raw." It was fun, though: I envied him. He must have sung this

one more often than any other, because I remember it very clearly without having made any conscious effort to do so. The last verse was always slowed down.

Shovelling Iron Ore

- 1 I met a man the other day
I never met before;
He asked me if I wanted a job
Shovelling iron ore.
- 2 I asked him what the wages were;
He said ten cents a ton.
I said, "Old man, you can keep your job,
I'd rather be on the bum--
- 3 Sleeping in a box car
With a bottle full of rum,
And if you don't believe it,
Just try and be a bum.
- 4 I woke up late next morning,
And looked upon the wall;
The roaches and the bed-bugs
Were having a game of ball.
- 5 The score was 19-20,
The roaches were ahead;
The bedbugs hit a home-run,
And knocked me out of bed.
- 6 I went downstairs for breakfast,
The bread was hard and stale,
The coffee like tobacco-juice,
And now I sit in jail.
- 7 And if you don't believe it,
And think it is a lie,
Just go right down to Norristown*--
And find the same as I.

Naval Training School
Northampton, Massachusetts

Violetta G. Maloney
Midshipman, U.S.N.R.

(Miss Maloney contributed this text in March, 1942, while in residence at Indiana University.

Carl Sandburg gives a brief text of this song in The American Songbag, p. 183, and remarks it is usually hooked up with "We are four bums." In the Halpert ms. from New York there is a text which has stanzas 1, 2, 4, and 5 as here, but with a refrain about "Three jolly old bums." For songs complaining about jail house treatment, see JAFI LII (1939), 67-68.--H.H.)

*The county seat--and site of the county jail.

AN OHIO TALE

On my way East this past August I met Mr. Wavelan Simms, colored, of Canton, Ohio, who told me the following story. He said: "I heard that when I was a kid in Springfield, Ohio."

Where Does This Road Go?

The old farmer was settin' at the crossroads, you know, settin' on a rail fence with a big cud of tobacco in his mouth, whittlin' on a twig as usual. And some city chaps came by who were evidently lost and stopped to inquire. Asked 'm "Where does this road go to?" So the old farmer says, "I've been livin' here nigh on to sixty years, and it don't go nowhere. It's been here ever since I've been here."

(For variants see: Bacon and Parsons, JAFL XXXV (1922), 309-10; Eddins; PTFLS XIII, 94. This is often one of the questions in the "Arkansaw Traveller" dialogue.)

Indiana University

Herbert Halpert

OCCUPATIONAL NICKNAMES

My friend, Henry S. Kernan, wrote me from a lumber camp at headquarters, Idaho. His letter was full of the picturesque nicknames that the lumberjacks have given one another: Whispering Lou, Dakota John, Montana Red, Laughing Jim, White Pine Joe, The Galvanized Swede, and Finn John. Even the gay ladies that frequent the logging towns have such names as Pasco Rose, Tamarack, Scar-faced Helen, and Finn Mary.

Have the workers in any Indiana industries, such as stone-quarrying, developed similar nicknames?

Indiana University

Robert Graham-McGuire

(Mr. McGuire suggests a very fruitful line of inquiry for readers of the Bulletin. Send us a list from your area.)

FOLKLORE BIBLIOGRAPHY AND ABBREVIATIONS

In the last two numbers of the Bulletin we have been running a selected American folktale bibliography (see pp. 34-36, 71-73), of which this is the concluding installment. By consulting these pages, readers will find the key to the mysterious references in our notes in which a series of single names or capital letters appear followed by page numbers: e.g., page 35 tell you that PTFLS is the abbreviation for the Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society.

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- Idaho Lore: Prepared by the Federal Writers' Project of the Work Projects Administration (American Guide Series). Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1939.
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- Boatright, M.C., "Comic Exempla of the Pioneer Pulpit," PTFLS XIV, 155-63.
- Brewer, J.M., "Juneteenth," PTFLS X, 9-54.
- Cox, J.H., "Negro Tales from West Virginia," JAFL XLVII (1934), 341-57.
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- Dobie, B.M., "Tales and Rhymes of a Texas Household," PTFLS VI, 23-71.
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(A valuable bibliography.)
- Stroup, T.B., "Two Folk Tales from South-Central Georgia," SFQ II (1938), 207-12.

Publications of the Texas Folk-Lore Society

Editors: No. I, Stith Thompson; II-XII, J. Frank Dobie; XIII, J. Frank Dobie and Mody C. Boatright; XIV-XVII, J. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatright, and Harry H. Ransom.

- I Round The Levee, 1916 (reprinted 1935).
- II Coffee In The Gourd, 1923 (reprinted, 1935).
- III Legends Of Texas, 1924 (out of print).
- IV " " " 1925.
- V " " " 1926.
- VI Texas And Southwestern Lore, 1927 (reprinted 1934).
- VII Follow De Drinkin' Gou'd, 1928.
- VIII Man, Bird, And Beast, 1930.
- IX Southwestern Lore, 1931.
- X Tone The Bell Easy, 1932.
- XI Spur-Of-The-Cock, 1933.
- XII Puro Mexicano, 1935.
- XIII Straight Texas, 1937.
- XIV Coyote Wisdom, 1938.
- XV In The Shadow Of History, 1939.
- XVI Mustangs And Cow Horses, 1940.
- XVII Texian Stomping Grounds, 1941.

(Considerations of space enforce our holding over our review of this delightful and important series until the next number of the Bulletin.)

H. H.

HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Officers, 1945

President: William Hugh Jansen, Dept. of English, Indiana University
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Joint membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society and the American Folklore Society is available at a special rate of four dollars a year to Indiana residents and to Indiana schools and libraries. Members receive The Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, The Journal of American Folklore, and Memoirs of the American Folklore Society as issued.

Membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society alone is one dollar a year. This is open to individuals, schools, and libraries anywhere in the United States. Members receive the Hoosier Folklore Bulletin.

All memberships are by the calendar year. Make money orders or checks payable to the Hoosier Folklore Society and mail to the Treasurer of the Society.

Notice to Members

Membership dues for 1945 should be mailed promptly to Mrs. Cecelia H. Hendricks, Treasurer, Hoosier Folklore Society, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Members are urged to secure new members for the Society and to contribute manuscripts for publication. Only with an increase in the funds made available by increased membership can we enlarge the size and scope of the Bulletin.